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A
DIALOGUE
In BURLESQUE VERSE,
BETWEEN
Parson *Betty* and Parson *Bowman*,
In Justification of their
SERMONS.

By TIMOTHY TAGG, of Tingle-Lane,
POET-TASTER.

Betty. 'Twas Interest spurr'd up all your Parts,
Tho' not the first—who've us'd such Arts,
And hop'd at last to gain Lawn Sleeves,
By using Bilhops—worse than Thieves.

Bow. If you Archbishops find in Bible,
I'll grant my Sermon's but a Libel,
Or prove from the same Place, Do you see,
Such Mission and Authority,
As by the Church's Rule ye claim,
I'll of Recanting take the Shame,
And henceforth in the Priestly Strife,
Be high as you can for your Life.

L O N D O N :

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DIALOGUE

IN BURLESQUE

BY

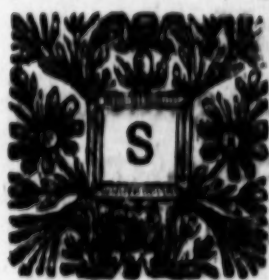
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DIALOGUE, &c.



INCE Men in Faith were
so divided,

They knew not how they
should be guided ;

Whither in search of Hea-
ven 'twere best,

To trust themselves or follow *Priest*.

And having long the Point disputed,

Confuting *now*, and then *confuted*.

At last---Behold!---The Humour spread,

And *Clergy* take it in their Head,

A 2

To

To try if they could nick the Joint,
And solve this long, contended Point.

Up rises B . . y, florid Preacher,
Who amidst *Teachers* as a *Teacher* ;
In flowing *Stile*, and period *Round*,
Of slender *Sense*, but swelling *Sound*,
Proved from the Pulpit none opposing,
To what great Things the *Priesthood's*
chosen;
What *Dignity's* to them are given,
Who're sent the *Plenipo's* of *Heaven* ;
With full Commission *Souls* to guide,
To counsel, censure and decide.
Arm'd with such Excellence and Grace,
Arch-angels selves---must give them place.
Be sure (quoth he) *to all around*,
Let your Obedience be profound,
And as't's your Duty strive to please
Those---whom Heaven honours with its
Keys ;

Let

*Let them be sacred in your Eyes,
 A kind of lesser Deities.
 And who from B-sh-p down to Curate
 Have power to damn if ye're obdurate.*

Thus his high-flying *Fury* makes,
 In heavenly Matters such Mistakes;
 As did his Brother *Madman Lee*,
 When run stark wild with *Poetry*.
 Who Darkness spread thro' their *Abodes*,
 And set to *Loggerheads* the Gods.
 Howe'er it was, the Sermon run,
 Grew the sole *Topick* o'th' Town;
 And tho' few liked the *Parson's Scheme*,
 Most chose a Handle to declaim;
 And shew how easily they'd *Refute* him,
 So of ten *Readers* nine *Confute* him;
 While for their Sakes, who like a tingle,
 'Tis verified by *Jacob Gingle*,
 Who doth our *Doctors Doctrines* Paint,
 In Verse so *humourous* and *quaint*,

If ought your *humble Servant* knows,
 'Tis better *there* than in his *Prose*.
 Equal in *Sale* their *Competition*,
 For each has reach'd a *Third Edition*.

'Twas now, say I,--tho' some say quicker,
 This Sermon reach'd the *Dew--y Vicar*.
 With eager haste he read it o'er,
 Its Stile and Pathos to explore,
 And swell'd with Envy when 'twas told,
 How marvellously well it *sold*.
 Quoth he, — shall this same *Oxford Spark*,
 Blaze thus — while I live in the *Dark*?
 No — *Yorkshire's Honour* it forbid,
 I'll preach, write, print--be heard and read;
 Exert my utmost Parts, and try,
 Who'll make most Noise then, *he* or *I*.
 But first-- to think of a fit *Station*,
 I have it-- *Wakefield Visitation*;
 Next in a Subject-- to outchuse him,
 Well, I've hit that too -- *I'll oppose him*.

And

And as he celebrates the *Gown*,
 I'll try if I can't *pull it down*.
 He places above *Angels* got 'em,
 Below even *Heathen Priests* I'll put 'em.
 And as *Religion's* out o' Fashion,
 'Twill please the *major part* of the *Nation*.
 Being at once both *Bold* and *New*,
 My Project certainly must do.
 A *Parson* against *Priestcraft* preach!
 Adzooks! 'twill *Ten Editions* reach.
 Make my *Fame* known to *Man* and *Woman*,
 And *B---y* then shall yield to *B---m-n*.

Well! now the *Thread* is thus far spun,
 The next great *Care's* to get it done.
 To *Town* he comes full bent to find all,
 Helps proper--*Cills*, *G-rd-n*, *Tindall*;
 With all the *Antichristian* Crew,
 We're muster'd without much ado.
 For *these* while--better *Books* lie waste,
 Sell off--so exquisite's our *Taste*,

That

That *Taste*--which thro' *Mankind* can *whirl*,
 What *Woolstone* writes, or's sold by *Carl*.

'Tis done---the *Vistitation* comes,
 And *B-w-m-n* now his *Cushion* thrums.
 All *Priests* & *Priesthoods* makes a *farce on*,
 And stuns the Ears of every *Parson*.
 Next proves by Arguments as strong,
Tradition from *Tradition* wrong.
 And in a word there shews 'em all,
 No *Priests* of *Christ*, but *Priests* of *Baal*.
 Hence *Clergy* place him in as sad state,
 As *Renegado* or *Apostate*;
 And threaten for his *Declamation*,
 The Vengeance of a *Convocation*.

Thus having both their *Sermons* heard,
 And what strange *Flights* in each appear'd.
 Let's next suppose---to make all clear,
 That we had both the *Doctors* here;
 Ready with *Logick* to assert,
 As each has there *assumed* his part;

With

With *Latin* well supply'd, and *Greek*,
 Thus then they *spoke*--or thus might *speak*.
 Art thou (quoth *B-tty*) that *base Priest*,
 Who foully hast *bewray'd* thy *Nest*;
 The *Source* and *Cause* o' this *Disorder*,
 Maligner o'th' *Sacred Order*?

Whoe'er I am (quoth *B-wm-n*) smiling,
 I know who thou art by thy *Railing*;
 Thy *Language* as thy *Stile* out-fets thee,
 The famous high-flown Parson *B-tty*.

Bett. Hear but my arguments and proof,
 From Fathers, Councils. *Bow.* Hang such
 Stuff,

I'm for no other Rule but *Reason*;

Bett. Which in this *Case* is out of Season.
 For if I shew from *Holy Writ*,
 The Spirit hath ordained it;
 Then it becomes both *you* and *I*,
 Not to stand *arguing*---but *comply*.

Bow. But *Reason*, Sir, I tell you *Reason*,
 Whither't be in or out of *Season*;

B

Must

Must first be seen or else de ye see,
 You'll ne'er make *Profelyte* of me;
 For as to Proofs from *Holy Writ*,
 They're *None*---unless they agree with it
Bett. No, that indeed were wondrous
 strange,
 Hear me--and you'll *Opinion change*.
 Suppose your *King* or even ----,
 Direct the doing such a *Jobb*.
 Tho't seem not quite so *right* to you,
 Who cannot secret *Causes* view;
 Which make such *Measures* to be ta'en,
 Yet you'de *comply*---and not *complain*;
 Or say thro' self conceit---you should,
 'Twould not seem wise in you---but *rude*.
 If earthly *Kings* are they *obey'd*,
 What *Rev'ence* should to Heav'n be paid?
 If *Rebels* in the first *Case* they,
 Who should their *Soveraign* *Disobey*.
 Pray, what may such wise *Folk* be *reckn'd*,
 Who *slight* their *Maker* in the *second*?

Bore.

Bow. Right Brother, *Betty*--you may
 teaze on,
 And make whate'er gainsays you *Treason*;
 Yet since I no advantage want,
 For sake of Argument---I'll grant,
 If you *Archbishops* find in *Bible*,
 That all my *Sermon's* but a *Libel*;
 Or prove from the same Place, *De ye see*,
 Such *Mission* and *Authority*;
 As by the *Church's* Rule ye claim,
 I'll of *Recanting* take the shame;
 And henceforth in the priestly *Strife*,
 Be *high* as you can for your *Life*.

Bett. Why this is fair, now Brother
Broom-n,
 And I'm in hopes you'll make a *Trueman*.
 O! could my *Learning* but prevail,
 On *Error* to make you turn *Tail*.
 Nor *thought* could know, nor *Tongue* could
tell,
 With how great *Foy*, my Breast 'twould
 swell.

State your *Positions* we'll *dispute* 'em,
Do you *advance*--and I'll *confute* 'em.

Bow. Why this is *fair* on your *Side* too,
We'll try what *Arguments* will do ;
Because my *Theses* once laid down,
And what I've to *support* it shewn.
I'm sure tho' some a *Monster* make me,
You'll see too clearly, to *mistake* me.
How for *Truths* sake and *Conscience*,
To *Interest*--I've done *Violence*,
And *spoke*--tho' ta'en in such ill part,
The Dictates of an honest Heart ;
Which * rather than I would *forego*
'Till *Reason* doth me better shew ;
There is no Danger but I'd *plunge in*,
Fall Inquisition--starve in *Dungeon*.
Wander, afflicted and oppress'd,
In Goat-skins or in *Sheep-skins* dress'd,
Be flag'd with Scourges, bloody *Twbacks*,
Or broken up alive on *Racks* ;

* Vide *Bowman's* Preface.

All

All this or Death itself I'de bear,

Betty. Without more *whining*, Man,
let's hear ;

Religion used to make Folk chearful,
How then comes yours to make ye *fearful*?

Bow. 'I know full well the Truths I teach,
' Are different from what other's preach.
' What may not then their Malice do ?
' Or how far will not Ign'rance go ?
' Yet so well satisfied am I,
' In what I've taught---that I defy.
' All * they can do --- let what will come
' Should they my Reputation dome
' To Infamy---or Mem'ry paint,
' As Heretick and Miscreant ;
' I'll to a World that so perverse,
' Be full as obstinate---or worse.

Bett. Well, without more protesting,
— tell us,
What in Tradition makes you jealous ?

* *All literally from Bowman's Preface.*

Or

Or what could move ye to pull down,
What I had strove to raise--the Gown?

Bow. 'Tis true, protesting might be
spared,

For had I for Preferment cared ;
Or sought from *Godliness* great Gain,
I'd ta'en another Course, that's plain.
But having well my Duty weigh'd,
Against all Interest it sway'd ;
I heard the Clamours of the wicked,
Who 'gainst all *Revelation* kicked :
And searching for the Cause, I found,
Unto my Sorrow--'Twas the Ground.
Men said we arrogated more,
Than all the *Texts* we have in store.
To prove our *Mission*--e're could warrant,
Tho' most of them, were only *mere cant*.
And thus thro' *Parsons* proud Mistakes,
The *Gospel* suffers for their fakes.
This 'twas in truth that mov'd my Zeal,
At Visitation to reveal,

How

How Mens *Tradition* were become,
 Our Fault, as heretofore of *Rome* ;
 Which made us Scripture so neglect,
 It almost prov'd of none Effect ;
 And of how great Importance told,
 To mend our Errors, New or Old.
 Not that I Reflexion meant,
 Against our Church's Government ;
 Or thought that Bishops were unfit,
 As Spiritual Peers in *House* to sit :
 But all I aim'd at was to shew,
 How far our Charity should go.
 And that tho' Episcopacy here,
 Might for the fittest Form appear ;
 Yet's not essential to Salvation,
 Or proper in each other Nation ;
 Where tho' they ne'er a Mitre see,
 Both Sacraments and Priests may be.
 And this I did t'abase the Pride,
 Of those who Consciences would ride ;
 With Reins as light as heretofore,
 The Lackies o'th' *Scarlet Whore*.

Betty.

Betty. Thou Wretch, sure black as Jet
 thy Soul is,
 Who thus defilest *Holiest Holies*.
 To Priestly Habit thou'rt a shame,
 Who dares blaspheme that *Holy Frame*,
 Settled by Apostolick Spirit,
 Which still their Successors inherit.
 And to last Times shall go---'tis plain,
 With you I'll to the End remain.
 This Christ hath said---and now will you,
 Dare to aver 'twill not be so.

Bore. Hold---fair and softly, Brother
Betty,

Now you mistake--but right I'll set ye.
 The Prophecy you would *restrain*,
 Was spoke to all, I will maintain ;
 And has no more with Priests to do,
 Than't has with other Christians too.
 Then as to Spirit Apostolick,
 Can our L — B — cure the Cholick.
 To them what wond'rous Power belongs,
 Of Prophecy or Gift of Tongues ?

Or

Or is there any Grace descends,
 When they on us impose their Hands?
 No Man of Sense can this believe,
 'Tis vain the Vulgar to deceive;
 And Men of such high Flights as you,
 Instead of raising but undo,
 That Ministry ye would exalt,
 By thus depraving of that Salt;
 Which Christ declar'd would lose all favour,
 Whenever it should lose its favour:
 That is, when Priests the Form adore,
 Of Godliness, and not the Power.

Betty. Is there no Grace, do'st thou infer,
 In the indelible Character?
 And is the sacred Form of Church
 Episcopacy, left i'th' Lurch?
 Tho' handed by th'ancient Current,
 Which I for force might call a Torrent,
 Down from th'Apostolick Ages,
 Thro' all the Holy Fathers Pages;
 Deny'd not even by Arianism,
 Or Heresy—but Fanaticism.

C

And

And now betray'd--(How it grieves me)
 By thee — thou perjur'd Son of Levi W
Bom. Hold, hold thy sacerdotal Fury,
 I am no Traitor, I assure ye;
 But for the Clergy, to be sure,
 Am stiff and strenuous as you are.
 But here's the Difference--Friend o'mine,
 To Usurpation you incline;
 Would set in Priests a Popish Power,
 Which thinking Men would ne'er endure.
 And trust me, Doctor--each attempt
 But brings our Order to contempt,
 And 'stead of Power doth Scorn afford,
 As overstraining breaks a Cord.
 Such is the Effect of this same Evil
 In sacred Things--as well as civil.
 To Ruin soon or late 'tis fated,
 For *Tyranny* is always hated.
 'Twas this o'erturn'd the *Popish Power*,
 When better fix'd, than Clergy now are;
 And this, if we too far should go,
 Might chance to overturn us too.

Reason

Reason and Works now rule a Nation,
 And pious *Faiths* are out of Fashion.
 Conformably we should then preach,
 And *Gospel* not *Tradition* teach.
Ben. Must we submit to Lay Opinion,
 Renounce our Spiritual Dominion?
 That Grace divine and excellent,
 Which does, or should our *Works* prevent?
 That sacred Power which we profess
 To be in us — and only us;
 Because, forsooth, the Laity,
 O'er-run with Infidelity,
 Our holy Function do blaspheme,
 And all the Clergy's Right disclaim,
 Or would it not become us better,
 Both from *Tradition* and the *Letter*,
 To prove these Privileges plain?

Ben. Ay marry, Doctor, if we can;
 But there the Difficulty comes,
 We thunder like Militia Drums:
 Like them we brag, like them we rattle,
 And promise mighty Feats in Battle.

Brought to the Field, like them we then
 But flourish, and march Home again :
 And while Men laugh at all our Pother,
 Like them, we flatter one another ;
 While some who're *weaker* than the rest,
 For *earnest* take the *solemn* Fest,
 Tho' should we to the Gospel stick,
 It affords no *Straw* to make such *Brick* ;
 For *Christ* and his *Apostles* Teem,
 Ne'er to have made *Church Power* their
Theme ;

Nor did they frame *Hierchal Splendor*,
 And all the *Clergy's* modern *Grandeur* ;
 Silver and Gold, they then had none ;
 We have — But *Miracles* are gone.
 The *Church*, 'tis true, did always shine,
 As now *Without* — so then *Within*.

Betty. You grant th' *Apostles* had large
Powers ;

Did none descend to *Successors*.

Bow. Yes certainly -- at *Rome* and there,
 Hath made *infallible* a *Chair* ;

In

In which whoever sits, *de ye see,*
 From *thenceforth* is from *Error* free.

Betty. Now you *ironically* speak.

Bow. Fit *Answer* for demand so *Weak*,
 Th' *Apostles* in that Age appear'd,
 In which the Gospel was *uprear'd*.
 An Infant *Doctrine* they receiv'd it,
 And were *indued*, fit *Helps* to give it.
 By *Spirit* when they *preach* they move,
 And arm'd with *Miracles* to prove,
 The *Truth* of whatsoe'er they said,
 And that from *Heav'n*—they *Mission* had,
 But does it follow, pray, — from thence,
 Such Powers should be continued since?
 The *Apostles* had them — *Right and true*,
 But what have *Successors* to do?
 In *Governments Hereditary*,
 Do not the *Sons* from *Fathers* vary?
 Did not weak *Rehoboam* spring
 From *Solomon*, the *sapient King*?
 Did (not a mean, unactive *Train*,
 Descend from mighty *Charlemaign*?

Sigs

Signs or a *Genius*—are, I grant,
 Fit either *Realm* or *Faith* to plant;
 But when once *planted*—then to hope
 For *Miracles* a farther Scope;
 I think's *Absurd*—*Examples* shew,
 That *Providence* hath wrought so too.

Bett. Tho' *Miracles* we don't aver,
 Yet sure they inward *Grace* confer;
 Else why is't that our *Church* commands,
 The *Bishop* should on such lay *Hands*—
 As to the *Altar* dedicate
 Themselves—and thus are *ordinate*,
 To *Preach* and *Pray*—without which *Form*,
 Their *Prayers* and *Preaching* would do
 harm;

And be not only *weak* and *vain*,
 But *Sacrilegious* and *Prophane*.

Bow. From *Scripture* this can never
 be shewn,
 But that's so here, I frankly own.
 But how!--why truly--(never lower)
 'Tis owing to the *Civil Power*.

Which

Which of its *Subjects* take such Care, A
 That *Parsons* regulated are
 By *Laws* and *Statutes*--such as bind,
 Communities of every kind.
Bishops are for this End appointed,
 By him--who as the *Lord's* anointed,
 Is by our *Law* their Head *supream*,
 And that from him--this *Right* they claim,
 Is clear--If in *Records* we look,
 Where stands *Commissions* which they took?
 To enable them this *Feat* to do,
 And *Priests* to make and *Deacons* too.
 Nay, what than this is ten more,
 Even *Bishops*--to the *Civil Power*,
 Owe--not alone that *Peers* they be,
 But all the *Honours* of their *See*;
 The *Forms* that's used for that *intent*,
 Being authoriz'd by *Parliament*.

Betty. And have they no sublimer
 Right?

Bow. They may--but not so apparent
 quite ;

And

And as this best will *Power* maintain,
Is far more *certain*---and more *plain*.

Were I a *Bishop*---I'de incline,

Bett. To quit for this your *Right*
Divine.

Bow. Hold, hasty *Priest*---I said not
yet so,

I might reserve it still *in petto* ;

But to my *Legal Right*---I'd trust,

As *sacred* too---while *Laws* are just :

And whence they once were otherwise,

Nor one---nor t'other---would suffice.

'Tis needless then to fill Folks Heads,

With Tales which strange *suspensions* spread,

And gives a handle to each *Widgeon*,

To scoff at us and our *Religion*.

As if we *Wealth*---sought to procure,

And only aim'd at it---and *Power* :

Whereas if we *Christ's Gospel* read,

Betty. You'll find *St. Peter's* bid to
feed

His

His *Flock*-- *Bow*. But in what *Sacred*
Piece

Is he allow'd that *Flock* to *Fleece* ?
Or in what *Scripture* do'tt appear;
That *Peter* did such *Titles* wear,
As our L— B — now assume ?
Or whence do you believe they come ?

Betty. Times next to the *Apostles* Age,
May justly *Reverence* engage ;
Their *Practice* too will let us see,
Where *Scriptures* dark or doubtful be ;
What was the *Primitive* Belief,
And in this Point the *Fathers* chief,
Do for the *Bishops* Right declare.

Bow. They do--But still the Point's
not clear.

For if *Tradition* we admit,
Pray how shall we get rid of it ?
Tho' here it may seem good unto us,
In other Points it might undo us.
'Tis fit that it restrained be,
As *Dutch* by Banks keep out the Sea ;

D

For

For if it once should overflow,
 Who can the Mischief's Period know?
 Its swelling Tides might soon become,
 Able to drive us back on *Rome*.
 Besides, the Fathers you appeal to,
 One justly may object a deal to ;
 In what they wrote they oft did harm,
 Were of Imaginations warm.
 As I from *Origen* might note,
 Or even in higher Authors quote :
 But that I think not fit to speak,
 In *Latin* here, or mix with *Greek*.
 Beneath this Rule they lived, ye know,
 And some of them were *Bishops* too.
 Hence partial we may well suppose,
 And Witnesses not fit to chuse ;
 Or Bishops grant--as they agree,
 Fit then--But must they always be ?
 May not Times alter and Men grow,
 Weary of what they're fond of now.

Bett. Bless me ! I vow you make me start,
 As if Commands that are apart,

Of

Of Apostolick Institution,
Must like a humane Constitution,
Be moulded to a Peoples Will.

Bow. Ay marry, must they---mark
me still ;

I better shall that Point explain,
And by an Instance---will maintain
The Gospel's sent to mend Mens lives,
And that Form's best, whence this best
thrives.

In Countries under Monarchy,
With you for *Bishops* I agree :
But in Republicks there agen,
They're better ruled by other Men.
As *Hollanders* resolved to free,
Themselves from *Philip's* Tyranny ;
So they too freed themselves from Yoke
Of *Clergy*, which them fore had strook.
Each honest *Dutchman* quitted his Shop,
To fight against both King and Bishop ;
And scorning to do things by halves,
They got from being double Slaves,

To all they stickled to be at,
A Commonwealth in Church and State ;
 Since when they've clamber'd highty tity,
 From *Poor, Distress'd* to *High and Mighty*.

Bett. So I perceive, good Master *Bowman*,
 What's the Religion of a *Low-man* ;
 An Engine that ye call Divine,
 Pliant and fit for your Design ;
 Which, as on either Side you're hearty,
 Is made a Tool to serve a Party.
 And now 'tis I pretend a guess
 At your Protesting--Ne'er the less,
 Designing to oblige the Great,
 Instead of suffering G-d knows what.
 Tho' Want and Racks, and Whips should
 maul ye,
 Things which you knew could ne'er be-
 fall ye,
 In this same Land of Liberty ;
 Where let a Man write Blasphemy,
 Deride the Gospel, taunt the B---,
 Spare *Bob*, and ne'er dread a L---

Thus

Thus Interest spur'd up all your Parts,
 Tho' not the first---who us'd these Arts;
 And hop'd at last to gain Lawn Sleeves,
 By using Bishops---worse than Thieves.

Bow. What stirs your Fury, Brother

Betty,

Does Language such as this look pretty?
 In *Priest*, who you wou'd have suppos'd,
 The *Envoy* of *Almighty* God.

But this is still the *Cant* of *those*,
 Who would have all who *Church* oppose,
 As in the Days of *Laud*---be punished,
Whipt, *Pillor'd*, clapt in *Chains* or *Ba-*
nished;

Or served as *Burton*, *Pryn* and *Bastwick*,
 Whose *Ears*, *Nose*, *Cheek*, met each
 with a *Sniek*;

And for this purpose oft *decry*,
 As tainted with some *Heresy*.

Those who for *Moderation* are,
 And *Peace* and *Quiet* make their *Care*,

For

For still this Maxim is among
 Ye, None shall scape your *spiteful Tongue*,
 Who joins not in your Acclamations,
 Great is *Diana o'th' Ephesians*.

For Priestly Power is your Design,
 Which you to gain with *Pope* wou'd join,
 And as you forced one *Revolution*,
 By hind'ring of a just *Exclusion*;
 You ever since have still been brewing
 The *Nation's*, and your own *undoing*.

Betty. Why, *Sirrah*, *Bowman*, you're
 an *Atheist*.

Bow. Not half so sure---as you're a
Papist.

Now *Words* grew *high*, and *Names*
 grew *foul*,

There let us leave 'em then to cool;
 And think when such *Debates* as these,
 Make *Parsons* one another teaze,
 Much *Truth* there is on each *Side* told,
 And *Laymen* learn when *Clergy* scold.



